

Drowning in a red sea

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Summary: Based on Red Vs Blue Characters. It focuses on the Red team, mainly Grif. Happens sometime in the gap between seasons one and two. Contains strong language.

1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer:** I don't own RvB, nor did I ask Rooster Teeth Production for permission to use their characters in this story.**

****Author's Note:** I've gone through and changed a few things here and there, mainly bad grammar.**

"What in Sam hell happened here Simmons!" Sarge asked, seeing the Warthog flipped up on its side, along with other extensive damage having been done.

"I don't know, sir. I found it like this when I came out here. The last time I saw the jeep it was parked out in front of the base where we normally keep it." Simmons replied.

Sarge seemed to be thinking, and then shook his head. "Well, whatever happened here, it must be Grif's fault. Stupid Grif, can't that scumbag do anything right?" he asked, more to himself than to Simmons.

Seeing another opportunity to kiss Sarge's ass, Simmons answered, "No, Grif doing something right would be like this war actually having a purpose, I don't think that's possible sir."

Sarge knelt down facing the underside of the Warthog, trying to judge the damage done. While looking over the equipment he nodded, "Good point, Simmons."

"Grif! What the hell did you do to the Warthog?" Sarge yelled to a half-asleep Grif.

Grif had been sleeping against the wall in front of the base, before being kicked in the side, hard, and now being yelled at. "Wha? What are yoâ€¦u talking about Sarge?" Grif asked with a yawn in the middle, sitting up rubbing his side where Sarge had kicked him. Since Sarge was in his full armor get-up, minus the helmet, and Grif wasn't wearing any armor, the kick had hurt like hell.

"The car you dumbshit! I want to know what you did to wreck itâ€¦_again!_" Sarge growled, placing his foot down on Grif's chest, pushing him down on his back.

After failing to get Sarge to let him up, Grif began, "I didn't do anyâ€¦|"

"Don't lie, I know it was you. How many times do I have to tell you how expensive that piece of equipment is? And now that Lopez is gone, we don't have anyone to fix it. If that's not enoughâ€¦|."

Grif let out a sigh as Sarge let his foot up allowing Grif to stand up. He shook his head as Sarge continued to yell at him. Ignoring what Sarge was saying, Grif thought to himself, _'I know exactly what happened. Last night after he thought everyone was asleep, Donut decided to take the jeep for a spinâ€¦| literally. I'm surprised the huge crash didn't wake this dipshit up. Though I guess if I hadn't been up on top of the base last night thinking, I wouldn't know about it either.'_

"ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?"

Grif was snapped out of his thoughts, "Huh?"

"God _damn_ it, private! I don't know what the hell to do with you anymore!" Sarge cried out in frustration and walked around to the back of the base where the wrecked vehicle was.

Grif headed inside the base, he need to think some more, as he was walking to his room he passed Simmons, out of his armor as well. "Good going, asshole." Simmons sneered at him sarcastically. Grif just ignored him and went to his room. Donut who had seen this watched Grif walk away, feeling sorry for his fellow solder. "Don't feel sorry for him, he deserves this kind of treatment." Simmons ordered the rookie.

"What did he do?"

"He wrecked the jeep out back." Simmons said before walking off.

Donut felt a twinge of guilt, but kept quiet. _'Sorry man, but better you than me._' He thought. '_You're used to them yelling at you, so it's not that big of a deal._'

Grif slammed the door behind him as he went into to his room. The room was messy, but it could have been a lot worse. The bed, centered on the back wall, wasn't made, clothes were strewn on the floor on both sides of the bed. At the foot of his bed was his armor in a pile, his helmet in front of the rest of the armor. Grif cursed Sarge under his breath as he punted the helmet and bounced off the wall. He turned to face a full length mirror beside the door and stared at his reflection. He wore white socks and tennis shoes, jeans, and a long

sleeve shirt, the back now covered in dirt from when Sarge shoved him on the ground earlier. His unkempt dark brown hair was a mess in the back, dirt clumps intertwined with his hair. His face looked ragged, he hadn't shaved in a week or two, and his grey eyes were cold and distant as he stared into their reflection. He closed his eyes, sighed, and turned away from the reflection muttering to himself, "Why do I put up with this?" as he collapsed on to the bed, stomach down, and fell asleep.

Over the next few days things went normal around the base, with the exception of Sarge and Simmons glaring at Grif more often than usual, and Grif giving deadly looks to Donut in return. After one of these death glares when Donut was stationed to lookout duty with Grif one day he started to apologize. "Uhâ€¦ Grif?"

"No. Don't even start Donut. I don't care." Grif stated coldly, staring out across the canyon.

"Butâ€¦" Donut tried again.

"Look!" Grif snapped turning around to face Donut, clearly pissed off at the pink private. " I don't give a fuck about anything you have to say! Just drop it!" Donut opened his mouth to speak again. "DROP IT!" Grif threatened. Neither soldier said anything for the rest of their shift.

Grif sat out on top of the base that night, leaning against one of the plates that were placed on top of the base around the edges, his right leg dangling over the edge. He wore a sweat outfit, even though it was still fairly warm in the canyon. He stared up into the cloudless sky, for some reason it never seemed to rain here. '_Odd, most people would prefer this kind of weather, but I want it to rain,_' he thought to himself. '_just once, I wish it would rain in this godforsaken place._' He sighed and pulled the hood of his sweatshirt up over his head.

"Grif?" A voice called out. "What are you doing up here?" Grif turned his head to see Simmons walking up the ramp to the top of the base. He stared at him for a few seconds before turning to stare out into the canyon. "Hey! Answer me you dumb shit!" Simmons barked. Not getting an answer he growled, "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Grif let out a low chuckle, "Heh, why the hell do you care?" he answered in an amused tone, continuing to stare out into the void.

"This isn't like you." Simmons said more calmly. "You're not responding to anything Sarge or I say to you, you yell at Donut for no reasonâ€¦" He paused seeing a frown quickly appear on Grif's face.

"No reason? How the hell do you know if there's no reason or not?"

"You know what? I don't. I don't because you are being all pissy and not saying anything about it!"

"Screw this. I don't need this shit." Grif said, getting up and walking towards the ramp leading inside the base. He stopped at the

top of the ramp, "Why do you bother to pretend you care?" He continued to walk away.

"I do care, I'm your friend, Grif!" Simmons called, but he didn't get a reply. He sighed to himself, "I've got to find out what's going on, this really isn't like him."

"Friend?" Grif scoffed, slamming the door to his room behind him. "He has the guts to claim he's my friend?" He began to trash some of the stuff in his room, throwing clothes across the room. After a minute he stopped and regained his senses. He took off the sweatshirt, leaving him with a white wife-beater for a shirt, and turned to stare at his reflection. His eyes were watering from his rage. "Sure he's all 'friendly' when it's just the two of us, but he'd backstab me in a heartbeat if it gives him a chance to kiss-up to Sarge. Some friend that is." He put his hand up to his chin, feeling how unshaven it was. He went into the bathroom adjoining his room and pulled his razor out of the cabinet. He proceeded to shave, and noticed the blade was very dull. After he was finished, he decided to change the blade out, accidentally cutting his finger in the process. "Fuck! Fucking stings." He placed the bleeding appendage in his mouth while pulling a bandage out from the medicine chest above the sink. As he covered the cut up, he walked back to the main room, ready to call it quits for a night. He sighed as he kicked his pants off so he was left in his wife-beater and boxers. As he collapsed on the bed he noticed that he was oddly relaxed and calm. 'How the hell did this happen?' But before he could dwell on it too much sleep overcame him.

2. Chapter 2

****I'm sorry it took so long to update, real life got in the way. Between applying for colleges, homework, and marching band, I barely have time to eat and sleep anymore. ****

****Here I'm going to respond to some of the comments and questions I've been asked:****

****_Grif is out of character / too emotional_. " I can see where this comes from, and I partly agree. He is out of character, but that is one of my rights as an author. I myself find it hard to believe that he can just put up with all the crap he's dealt and just continue on like he does. That's my point of view, and I'm not asking you to agree. Just pretend when reading this story.****

****Also a bit of a warning to go with that. This story is Angst, so Grif will be going very out of character. While out of character though, I believe if you really think about how he's treated, his OOCness doesn't seem too un-realistic.****

****_Shouldn't Grif be sewn together with Simmons' body parts?_ Nope. This takes place between seasons 1 and 2. If you recall, the switching of the body parts didn't happen until the end of season 2. ****

Since that night, Simmons had been backing off on teasing Grif. He tried to make conversation when Sarge wasn't present, and when he was he only half-heartedly poked fun at him. Sarge too had backed off, going back to his normal amount of Grif-bashing. Simmons noticed

however that Grif was still bothered more than normal by it, but only for a few days. One day, he carried on as if nothing was ever wrong. Simmons was curious about the sudden change in attitude, so he decided to ask when they were on guard duty together. "Grif?"

"Hmm?" Grif replied, lazily as ever.

"What's going on?"

"What do you mean?" Grif asked, turning to face his maroon colored teammate.

"Well, yesterday you were as pissed as ever at everyone, and today it's you act just like you did before the.. jeep incident." Simmons said the last part cautiously, not wanting to anger the other private.

Grif scowled, unseen behind the reflective faceplate of his helmet, but let out an audible sigh before replying. "Look, I was just overly stressed and shit, okay? I found an easy way to let myself calm down. I don't want to get into it, so just drop it."

This raised more questions in Simmons' mind, but he decided not to press on for answers. The two stood in silence once more until an explosion from inside shook the entire base. The words "Son of a bitch!" escaped both Grif and Simmons' mouths at the same time.

"What the hell was that?" Simmons asked as he regained his footing.

"I have no idea, go check it out."

"What? Why me?"

"Because someone needs to stay on guard duty. If it was a sneak attack by the blues they still have to cross the canyon to get back to their base."

Simmons stood there and wondered, 'since when has Grif had that kind of logic?' but was kicked out of his thoughts when Sarge came out onto the roof of the base. "What's going on sir?"

In an slightly irked tone, the superior officer replied "Donut blew something up in the kitchen. Simmons," The maroon private saluted. "You're the one with the most medical training here. Donut knocked himself unconscious, drag him down to the medical ward and make sure he isn't dead."

"Yes sir!" Simmons ran inside to find the pink private.

"Grif," Grif rolled his eyes behind his helmet, he could see where this was going. "Since Barbie here isn't able to clean up the mess, I want to you to do it."

"Yes sir." Grif stated unenthusiastically as he trudged into the base. He stopped before the ramp though. He turned and said, "I'm going to get out of the armor first though so it's going to be a few minutes before I start." Then continued into the base, not giving Sarge a chance to reply.

Simmons quietly closed the door behind him as he exited the med-ward. Donut took quite a blow, but only sustained minor damage. A few bruised bones, so he'd have to take it easy over the next couple weeks, but at the moment he needed rest. As he walked to his room he noticed that Grif was on hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor. "Grif? How long have you been cleaning?"

Grif looked up at Simmons standing in the hall. "I haven't kept track of time, I'd say since about 10 minutes from when you ran inside to find Donut." He said before continuing to scrub.

"Are you serious? That was 3 hours ago!" Simmons exclaimed.

"Sounds about right, I'm almost done though." Grif dipped his sponge into the pail nearby, wrung it out, and continued to clean. "A few more minutes and Sarge should be satisfied."

Simmons noticed that Grif was wearing a long sleeve shirt, and it was dripping water from when he had reached into the bucket. "Why don't you roll your sleeves up?"

"I don't know, it didn't bother me so I didn't think about it."

Simmons wasn't convinced, but decided to let it slide. "Whatever, I'll see you later." Simmons said before continuing to his room. About 10 minutes later though he heard Grif screech some incoherent word from the kitchen. As Simmons went out to see what the problem was he passed a pleased Sarge carrying part of the Warthog back outside. What he found when he got to the kitchen area there was a furious Grif and the once clean room now splotted with a black, gooey, substance. "Is, is that oil?" Too furious for words, Grif just nodded. "What happened?"

Grif snorted and replied, "Well I finished the floor, so I went and changed." He held up his right arm showing off a new, dry, long-sleeve shirt. "I come back out here to find Sarge had drug a part from the Warthog purposely coated in oil, and set it down on every open counter." Simmons opened his mouth to say something, but Grif cut him off, "If that's not enough, he goes on about how he's close to having the jeep fixed even without Lopez, and then bitches at me for not having the kitchen clean yet!"

"Iâ€|" Simmons was at a loss for words.

"Fuck it. Just leave me alone." Grif sighed turning his back to Simmons, refilling a bucket with soap and hot water. "This should only take an hour, maybe two to clean" As he began to work on one of the counters he added on under his breath, "if I'm lucky."

While Grif had been acting more like his usual self, he was acting more and more different at the same time. While his actions were 'normal' his attitude was odd. Simmons couldn't place his finger on it, but he was determined to find out what was different about his teammate. The only lead he had to go off of was this 'stress release' Grif had mentioned, but whatever it was Grif did it alone, inside his locked room, and it only took a short amount of time. '_If only I could get in his room, see what it is he's doing in there. But how? He'd never let me in, let alone letting me watch his every move.

Hell, it might be something I'd have to watch a few times to understand, but he'd never let meâ€| unless. That's it! Now, how am I going to do this? '_

At the end of one of their guard-duty shifts, Simmons confronted Grif. "Hey Grif, I need to see your armor's helmet." The blue's activities had been slow recently, so both solders had not worn their helmets while on duty.

"Why?"

"I was tinkering around with mine before duty, and found a circuitry problem with it from the Donut-grenade incident way back when. I want to make sure that it's not in yours either." Grif raised an eyebrow, but headed down the ramp leading inside to grab his helmet.

He returned a minute later, and as he handed the helmet to Simmons he asked, "What was this for again?" In an I-don't-trust-you tone of voice.

"I found a circuitry problem in my helmet. Judging from the slight plasma residue in the area I found it in I'm assuming it occurred when Donut had the grenade on his helmet blow up. Because he got new armor altogether, it wouldn't be in his. But because you were just as close to the explosion as I was I want to check that your helmet doesn't have the same bug mine did." Simmons replied without missing a beat. This seemed to be a good enough answer for Grif, for he turned around and headed back inside the base. When he was out of hearing range, Simmons let out a breath he hadn't realized he had been holding. '_It seemed like he wasn't going to buy it for a minute. Now, to get this thing set up_.'

End
file.